

POEMS OF TEN YEARS.

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POEMS OF TEN YEARS.

1877-1886.

BY

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

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FORTH, little book, into the wide world go,--
Forth in her name whose fond eye watched thee grow ;
Who hoped to see thee girt for voyage so.

Would I might lay thee in her vanished hand
For whose sweet sake thy pilgrimage was planned !
But none has heard her step in all the land.

No song of thine can reach the spirit ear,
No plaining note can draw the spirit tear,
Nor page of thee to spirit eye appear.

The soul of thee alone its way can press
Through sensuous veil to her unearthiness,
And know, not hear, that lips of silence bless.

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SAINT CHRISTOPHER, AND OTHER POEMS.

07
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SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

ONCE lived, as ancient stories tell,
One who loved war and tumult well,
And in the fray did all excel ;

And ever in his roving quest
Of danger, he would still protest,
"I serve none but the mightiest."

So when the monarch of the world
His flag invincible unfurled,
And his resistless legions hurled

On the barbarians, Offer then
Mixed in the host of weaker men,
And brought the fire and force of ten.

But once in shadow of a wood,
While strong men trembled as they stood,
The Kaiser kissed a carven rood.

"What now?" said Offer. "Him I fear"—
Low spake the king—"who dwelleth here.
"The Christ forbid that he appear!"

Loud Offer laughed: "On with my quest!
I hold the strongest is the best,
And serve none but the mightiest."

Straightway he plunged into the wood,
Whistling in merry, scornful mood,
Seeking the puissant Foe of good.

He reached ere long an open glade
Where the Evil One an altar had,
And his dark crew their worship paid.

The altar was of ebon dight;
On it a blue flame burnèd bright,
And cast around a ghastly light.

By this weird light he saw dispread
The bones and brain-pans of the dead,
That in this service ill had sped.

But rudely broken was his heed:
A black knight on a sable steed
Bore down on him with furious speed.

"My slave!" cried he in thunder tone.
"Not so; my service is my own,
And given to whom I list alone.

If thou, sir knight, the strongest be,
Then shall my service be for thee;
If not, it shall return to me."

In this grim service long he stayed,
Till of a little cross afraid
The Prince of Hell drew back dismayed.

"How now?" said Offer mockingly,—
"Art thou in fear of yonder tree?"
"Nay, slave; but Mary's Son," quoth he,

"Who died upon a cross like this,
In heaven's height and hell's abyss,
Is stronger than the strongest is."

"Then must I still pursue my quest:
I hold the strongest is the best,
And serve none but the mightiest."

He sought the Christ in wild and mart;
None could the mystic way impart;
Few carried Jesus in the heart.

Till where a lowly cottage stood,
Far from all human neighbourhood,
With vines o'ergrown, crowned with a rood,

A man of aspect mild he met;
And, fore this holy anchoret
His aim and all his quest he set.

"My son, if thou the Christ would'st see,
Seek Him on humble, bended knee,
In fasting and sweet charity."

Offer, ill-pleased, made answer, "Nay;
Small gift have I to fast and pray.
Good sir, is there no other way?"

"My son, not far need men to rove
In search of Him who reigns above;
He soon is found in works of love."

"What work?" quoth he, "I do not shun
The hardest task beneath the sun.
Show it to me—it shall be done."

"See yonder stream, whose rapid tide
Nor boat can cross, nor bridge can bide,
Nor steed through its strong current ride.

"Who would the Holy City gain
Must pass it; many who were fain
To cross put forth their strength in vain.

"Be it thy task the weak to bear
Through its strong tide from year to year,
Till Mary's Son, the Christ, appear."

"I will," he said,—and kept the ford;
Though the stream rose and tempest roared,
He recked it not,—he sought the Lord.

And with each kindly office done,
He would the least reward from none—
"Tis for the sake of Mary's Son."

He wrought and waited. Time and pain
Ne'er made his firm resolve to wane;
One purpose filled his heart and brain.

When frosted was his head with age,
One night when fierce the wind did rage,
And few would fare on pilgrimage,

A low voice pleaded piteously,
"Strong, gentle Offer, carry me!"
He crossed, but no one could he see.

Again the voice,—again the quest ;
He thought it must be some wild jest,
And turned himself once more to rest.

The voice once more wailed piteously,
“ Strong, gentle Offer, carry me !”
He could not now mistaken be.

He crossed again, and met his sight
A lad in garb of purest white,
Crownèd with haloes of soft light.

In hand he bore a banner blue,
Whereon a lamb was pictured true,
And a small globe of golden hue.

Smiling he raised him—bade him cling
Closely, and said,—“ A pretty thing
This wild night to be pleasuring.”

But as he stepped into the flood,
It tried his strength to bear the load
That heavier grew in wondrous mode.

His heart was filled with sudden dread,
For in the shifting river-bed
He surely sank o'erburdenèd.

"Who art thou?" cried he earnestly,—
"Small as thou art, it seems to me
An Atlas load I bear in thee."

"Carry me," softly said the child,—
"For His dear sake whose service mild
Thou lovest; for the storm is wild."

So for the love he bare his Lord,
Hard struggling, soon he passed the ford,
And set his burden on the sward.

The child no more a child was seen;
But a king crowned, with kingly mien,
Yet gentle voice and brow serene;

Who spread his hands, and sweetly said,—
"Offer, thy sins be pardonèd;
The Christ's own blessing on thy head!"

"The meed of all thy quest is won:
As Christopher shalt thou be known;
For thou hast carried Mary's Son."

Said Offer,—"Here doth end my quest;
I seek no more the mightiest.
Dear Lord, I tire,—I long for rest."

The Christ was gone while yet he prayed;
On the hard sward his head he laid,
And gentle death love's hest obeyed.

NINTOKU TENNO.¹

I N Dai Nippon's golden prime,
When the gods blessed the sacred clime,
Ere Western rum and Western lust
Had fouled her consecrated dust,
Nintoku Tenno ruled the land
With wise and strong and gentle hand,
Made firm the throne in innocence
And trust and love and reverence,—
Servant of all, and so was king
Truer than any blatant thing
That reigns by bluster and by blood,
Feared by the weak, scorned by the good,—
Sun-born Nintoku, brave as he
Who drave into the Eastern sea
The savage foes of Japan's weal,
Or she whose fair form did conceal
The war-god's spirit, who spread her rule
To Yezo and to far Seoul;
Yamato's, Jingu-Kojo's fame
Blended in Tenno's single name.
But more did Sujin's spirit inspire
The purpose strong and wise desire
To make the subjects of his reign
Happy and good from main to main.

Oft as the busy day drew near
Its dying, through the summer year,
In lonely walk, or garden grot,
He sought to solve the tangled knot
Of public problems, and abate
All woe, and further bless the state.

Through needless wars of olden time,
And royal pride, and public crime,
The state was burdened with a debt
Which his wise care could not forget.
By taxing people, stinting throne,
This public debt was smaller grown ;
But till the latest yen was paid
The honest King no comfort had.
He did not know the simpler way
That dignifies our modern day,
When heavy burdens grind the state,
To fold arms and "repudiate."
Well might the state its care have borne,
While laughed the fields with rice and corn ;
But many moons the heavenly powers
Held back the life-bestowing showers,
And withered the rain-loving rice,
Man's food and worship's sacrifice.

As on a small hill near the gates
Of Kioto Nintoku waits

To see the smoke of home-fires fill
The air, and circumvent the hill,
No cloud disturbs the air serene,
No smoke of sacrifice is seen,
No merry laugh arrests the ear,
Sad silence reigns, and voiceless fear :
The votive lamps of polished stone
In vain implore the sun and moon :
White leaves wave vainly in the wind
And tell the heavens that men have sinned.
Nintoku strikes the sacred gong ;
The priests sing low their plaintive song ;
Lifting his eyes to blazing sun,
To mountain summits scorched and dun,
Nintoku pours his soul in prayer,
And only echo hears, or seems to hear.
" O powers of earth and sea and air,
" Ye spirits of fount and shower and stream,
" Though near ye are, afar ye seem.
" If pity dwells in souls divine,
" Send rain upon these fields of mine.
" My people starve, your altars crave
" The gifts which while we had we gave.
" If we have sinned who do not know
" What deeds to do, which way to go,
" Shew ruth to our poor ignorance,
" And so your sacred fame enhance.
" If some have heard your altars cry
" For sacrifice and passed them by,

"Count not the pious with the base,
"Let not their crime our good efface.
"Ye powers whose shapes we dimly see,
"Be kind, send us prosperity.
"So shall we load your starving shrines,
"And deck with fragrant flowers and vines;
"And maidens dance with wingèd feet
"Where earth and heaven in concord meet."

Thus having prayed, he did not wait
Until the gods had saved the state.
He held, as doth our Christian creed,
That faith is naught without the deed
That proves it. So he took his way
Homeward to plan as well as pray.
And soon went forth the King's decree
From Yezo to the Southern Sea:
"Be it known—let all my people know,
"Nintoku weeps to see their woe.
"While famine blights each lowly cot,
"Babes cry for food and have it not,
"Shall plenty crown the royal board?
"Shall tithes increase the royal hoard?
"Tenno Mikado makes command
"For three years space, through all the land,
"No tax be paid, no tithe of rice,
"No public work without its price.
"By that clear mirror² in whose sheen
"The mysteries of fate are seen,

"And by Yamato's sacred sword"
"In all these pious isles adored,
"As Tenno saith, so it shall be.
"He dies who breaks the King's decree."

Sore is the famine in the isles,
But Tenno's care its power beguiles.
He helps with wise and open hand
The least and poorest in the land
Until his treasury is bare ;
He saves his people from despair.
Though ruin threatens the sacred town,
Its uncared walls are falling down,
The royal board is scant and plain,
The palace roof lets in the rain,—
No plaint declares the King's regret,
Nor does he his true word forget ;
Long as the gods refuse to bless,
He shares in all the state's distress.

At length the stricken kingdom's grief
Moved heaven and earth to send relief.
The tardy showers revived the plain,
And hill and valley smiled again.
And soon Nintoku's heart was made
Glad with the tributes overpaid,
With rice and tea and labour wrought
Beyond his largest hope and thought.

The new-built town outshone the old ;
His coffers scarce their dower could hold.
By Kamo's garden-fringed stream,
And Biwa,³ placid as a dream,
A palace fit for Jimmo's⁴ home,
In pride reared high its glittering dome ;
And art's device and love's conceit
In rich and rare confusion met,
And, with all various grace endued,
Bespoke a nation's gratitude.

Such, men of Western cult and light,
Their sires whose isles your lust invite.
Must age to age the story tell
How Shinto's simple pagan spell
Wrought more than the evangelist
And purest ethics of the Christ ?
Rise, men who love man's brotherhood,
And rend the veil that shrouds the Rood !
Oh ! shame, that doubt and lust and rum
Should speak for Christ and Christendom.
With zeal like theirs, those earnest men,
Who fought the savage Saracen
To save the Holy Sepulchre
From touch of impious pillager,
Oh ! save the real Christ, and slay
The false that doth our faith bewray,
The lie that yawns, a monster grave,
To swallow those whom we should save.

BETWEEN TWO FAITHS.

O BROTHERS, braves, the end is near !
What shall I hope ? Why should I fear ?
Dark is the future, fair or fell ;
The Manito is dumb—'tis well.
I will not now—slow comes my breath—
Grow pale in the grim face of death.
But something whispers deep within,—
“Thy heart is wrong, thy life was sin.
“Ogheema, where are now the slain
“By thee on the red battle-plain ?
“The babes and women innocent
“Through whom thy ruthless war-axe went ?
“The Manito at whose command
“They lived requires them at thy hand.”
A heavy load is on my brow ;
My warrior heart seems craven now.
That dreamer of the gods who came
From the sun's home, Jerusalem,
Made me a coward in the light
Of love and mercy infinite,
And filled me with desire to know
More of the great white Manito.
Have we been blind and ignorant
Touching the dearest things we want ?

The man who knows the things divine,⁵
The priest of your dark faith and mine,
His mysteries no comfort bring ;
It rests me not to hear him sing.
The Cross, and love, and Calvary,
He died for you, He died for me—
These words are burning in my brain ;
Would the white priest were come again !
But he comes not—and what he saith
Leads far as doubt, yet far from faith.
His words have drawn me from the old ;
Too little of the new he told.
Sweet were the words and soft that fell,
But all their drift I could not tell.
My ears were dull to what he said,
Slow was my heart its truth to read.
As when I hunted to and fro
The bear and mighty buffalo,
Where wood and plain revealed no track,
Onward I stray, and wander back,
In search of truth—it may be true,
But all the tracks are faint and few.
Braves, brothers, children, when I go,
Seek ye the great white Manito.
I cannot reach the English God,
But die in the dark path I've trod.

Strong moccasins put on my feet,
Bring robes to wear, and food to eat ;

The way is long that I must go ;
Its end and danger none can know,
Its solitude and mystery—
My dog must bear me company.
Four nights let not the fires^o wane
That light me over death's dark plain,
Till I have passed the starry way,
And with the Western hunters stray.
But never will my soul forget
The words I cannot fathom yet,—
The Cross, and love, and Calvary,
He died for you, He died for me.

—And so he died, doubting the old,
That priest and veiled nature told,
Afraid to trust the unknown new,
That yet its shadow o'er him threw.
What said the dying Manito?
“Father, forgive; they do not know.”

HOZO'S HEAVEN.'

WHEN once thy foot its turf hath pressed,
No evil can invade thy rest.
From selfish passion, idle grief,
And care, thy soul shall have relief.
No slave shall serve, no poor shall beg,
No cripple halt on crooked leg.
No deadly snake, no wild beast's lair,
No hungry demon's den is there.
In garments bright thou shalt be clad,
Finer than human hand e'er made.
All knowledge shall be thine, all power
To meet the need of every hour.
Thy wingèd foot, on service bent,
The swift tornado shall prevent.
No light upon the earth hath been
As in thy forehead shall be seen.
No wall of stone shall bar thy sight,
And even the darkness shall be light.
Beauty and wonder shall unfold
Rarer than ever poet told.
In ten directions thou shalt see,
Thy soul interpret fate's decree.
Thou shalt see back through all the years
The springs of joy, the source of tears.

The thoughts of men that hidden flow,
The dreams of midnight, thou shalt know.
No poet's song in heaven or earth,
No wail of woe, no sound of mirth,
But thou shalt hear it; through thy soul
A thousand symphonies shall roll.
This heaven is thine if thou hast not
The five great sins in secret wrought,
Or spared to bow at Hozo's shrine,
Or impious scoffed at things divine.
And I will come in death's lone hour,
And save thee from the demon's power:
Within three changes thou shalt see
My face, and ever dwell with me.

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ELEGIAC AND OCCASIONAL POEMS.

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CANADA TO ENGLAND.

MARCH, 1878.

THE wire thrills beneath the sea
The threatening of war ;
We hear that hostile billows beat
On England's hallowed shore.
We hear that alien avarice
Is rending lands asunder ;
And crowns and principalities
Watch for the British thunder.
And, mother, we send home to thee
A vast Dominion's sympathy.

Our hearts and hopes are all with thee,
Our young life nestles in thy breast ;
And we will aid, whate'er it be
Endangers British interest.
Our love is larger than our might,
Yet weakness can do much for love ;
And few for England and for right,
Motives 'twould task the world to move,
Would dread nor Russ nor Teuton host ;
And every arm that fights for thee
Is nerved with heaven's sympathy—
Who England help, God helps the most.

Glad were our hearts to learn of peace,
Of reason's reign and war's surcease,—
And deem we quiet ways the best ;
But, mother, do not yield an inch !
We know the oak heart will not flinch.
Guard sternly every interest !
And, mother, we send home to thee
A vast Dominion's sympathy.

Let the great cable call for aid,
And ere the next appeal is made
Ten thousand warriors will reply,
And speed to victory or die.
Call, mother, when thy cause demands,—
Call twice ten thousand hearts and hands ;
And we will prove our sympathy
With cavalry and infantry.

Think not Canadian valour gone
With Wiltshire, Mountain, Reade, and Dunn ;
World-wide shines glorious Williams' fame,
Immortal praise crowns Inglis' name ;
Brave Parker fell in valour's van,
And Welsford on the red Redan,—
All, all these heroes live again,
Stamped on their fellow-countrymen.
The blood and sinew of the free
Are ours in richest store from thee.

And now, with India's swarthy host,
And Oceania's myriad coast,
With every shore and every sea
Where floats the banner of the free,
Where thy loved standard is unfurled,
We join : from all thy colonies
A universe of sympathies
Sweeps homeward to thy mother heart.
We send—'tis but a filial part—
A love that wraps and rules the world.

A WELCOME

TO THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

THEY come, the Highland noble and the
daughter of a throne ;
He as type of crown and sceptre, she to
make our hearts her own.
The strong ship with its princely care is now
upon the sea—
Heaven shield and speed the ship, we pray
On bended knee.

From the turbulent Atlantic to the Western Sea
of Peace,
From the River to the region where the snow-
falls never cease,

A Dominion's warm "God bless them" wakes
the echoes far and near,—
A welcome large as Northern hearts
Waits everywhere.

We greet the child of her whose sceptre gladdens
world-wide scenes,
Rich in so many million hearts, the Queen of all
the queens.
The "simple widow lady" adorns the empire
throne ;
So royal in her womanhood,
Her peer is none.

They say the gentle Princess reflects the mother
Queen ;
In humble homes, 'mong lowly people, she is
often seen ;
She loves her stricken sisters in their poverty
and grief ;
Her kind heart's sweetest pleasure is
To give relief.

The twain are one—one heart, one home—the
husband and the wife ;
Be theirs the round of regal deeds that thrones
the lowliest life !
In the brightness of our future be Lorne a glori-
ous name ;
Its glory wedded to our own,
And fame with fame.

Wakes
Welcome each link that binds us to the crown
that holds us yet ;

We would not change its splendour for a petty
coronet.

Addens.
We heed nor prayer nor menace of a grasping
neighbour land ;

h of all
We'll cleave to Britain's empire still
With heart and hand.

empire
None may lure us from our freedom—'twas the
motherland's best boon ;

Oh ! there's a good time coming when our
morning grows to noon.

mother
Work, brothers, earnest be and true ; let each
do well his part—

she is
Nation-builders in the study
And in the mart.

poverty
They are welcome ! they are welcome ! from isle
and shore and sea

One universal voice rings out a mighty three
times three.

And the unsaid, unseen welcome is greater than
the seen ;

God save the lord and princess !

God save the Queen !

—the

chrones

a glori-

RICHARD REALF.⁸

GOLDENLY dawned the light that death has
darkened ;
When orient, it burned and blazed in
splendour,

Lavishing wondrous wealth of prophecy,
Drinking large sacrifice of gratitude,
And calling forth from high-born intellect
A blessing on its beams. But to its setting
The clouds rushed in and buried it in gloom.

Dark, lustrous spirit, maiden-like in mercy,
Stern, giant-hearted in the cause of right !
How strangely mingled strength and gentleness,
And dreamings dolorous and actions bright !
The glance of cheer concealed the soul's deep
anguish ;

Discord was masked in social speech and service.
The sea's deep secret floats not on its bosom ;
'Neath lives all laughter there are hearts that
break.

The saddest spirit hides its sorrow, clothing
With festive garb the mortal agony.
How much of joy is but the duty robe
Of dark despair that gnaws itself within !

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Earnest he was in fields of thought and know-
ledge ;

But could not reach unto the springs of peace.

Earnest he was to help and make men free ;

A slave himself, hopeless of liberty.

Eager to ease all burdens hard and heavy,

Ready with strength of word and work in
weakness

To all for whom it was not joy to live ;

Brother of sorrowing souls, friend of the slave,—

Others he saved, himself he could not save.

He wandered wide—guidance he would not
suffer—

Singing sweet songs that cling to heart and
brain,

In verse and deed careless of rule or master ;

In all his wanderings he found not that

Which many find whose threshold bounds their
world.

Hapless in life's most holy, heavenliest union ;

A hand in his, there laid by law, not love ;

Impelled away by disappointed passion—

In weeds of death was clad the gift of life.

But who can tell what deep unspoken reason,

Intensifying with the augmenting years,

Made that strong helpful hand a foe to self ?

What shrouded motive clasped the clouds and
welcomed

A doom unknown before the pain of life ?

Oh ! lay him lightly 'neath the soft sod broken,
And touch the gentle form with tenderness.

Would we could bury him too deep to hear
The voice of the last trump ! But who can
'scape

The judgment ? None ; for the All-Seeing eye
Pierces through every pore of densest matter.

But he was pitiful ; is there no pity ?

And he was gracious too ; is there no grace ?

Life wrought his death,—if misery that bates not,
But grows apace, deserves the name of life.

Stricken and stung in home and camp and city

He hid the wounds, then opened them and fell ;

Against a host of evils rose determined

And ended them. And in the soul of things

Are slaves the cowards, or the men that fly ?

In such a nature is there no redemption ?

Came not the good from heavenly springs of
goodness ?

Can that deep source be unregarded ever ?

Was all life's effort thrown away ? or wasted

The fearless, fiery words that challenged wrong ?

A cup of water in the name of Christ !

What of life's holocaust in pity's name ?

Are not the thoughts of good in human hearts

The movements of the Christ-life ere its birth ?

And when the thought takes form in deed, say
not

'Tis cast forgotten on the waste of years.

These are but questions, doubts—one thing we
know ;

And that we cling to mid all speculations ;

None loves like God. He on whom life had fallen

As a great heritage of suffering,

Wandered, as through a swamp, led by false
lights,

Sought everywhere life's true wine, life's elixir,

And found it but in the death-powder's flash.

Can suffering atone for wandering,

For wasted powers, mistaken aims, and sin ?

Alas ! atonement is the gift of God

And not the work of man. Yet why alas ?

The gifts of God are free as heaven's blue

To our eyes and earth's air to our lungs.

None loves like God—and is not that enough ?

Upon the great broad breast of matchless love

Leave him ! There let me rest too when I die.

AN ODE

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.

PRINCES enisled in regalness,
Afar from man and woman,
Have learned in hours of deep distress
That royal hearts are human.
If common sorrow fall to them,
It lowers not their diadem.

We deem not princes shaped in stone,
Like gods in pagan temple ;
And sceptred sorrow on its throne
Is naught but sorrow simple.
One fate inweaves the misery
Of prince and peer and peasantry.

They know no other dusk or light,
Naught else that mars or mellows ;
In the same woe we all unite,
And trouble makes us fellows ;
They who are sad are brothers all,
In humble home or palace hall.

Husband bereft ! in thy drear hall
Weep not, endure thy sorrow.
The sun that dies at even-fall
Wakes glorious on the morrow.
Weep not for her—in happier skies
She shares not human tears and sighs.

Queen widow, in thy loneliness,
Through all the mournful morrows,
Be near thee in thy dark distress
The gentle Man of Sorrows !
On northern shore, by southern sea,
An empire's heart is full for thee.

Our own Louise, this loyal land
Thy coming filled with gladness ;
We greeted thee with heart and hand,
And ours is all thy sadness.
All Canada bewails the doom
That rifles Darmstadt's ducal home.

We bring but words, we bring but tears—
'Tis all we have to render ;
And if the song no merit bears,
The singer's heart is tender.
We know how far the worth we sing
Transcends the simple offering.

In Hessian homes, in German hearts,
Are now great emptinesses ;
When she, the spring of hope, departs,
Who comforts ? who caresses ?
In hut and hall, and everywhere,
Her name is breathed in praise and prayer.

Up through the faith of honest doubt
Her mind in earnest mounted ;
Not to the creed that men wrote out,
And the rude mass miscounted ;
Not to the creed of new device,
But simple trust and sacrifice.

From Him who spake as never man,
She learned the lore of living,—
In Christ is neither chief nor clan,
And gain is less than giving.
In His wise, wondrous words she saw
The union rare of love and law.

Her ministries were like the sheen
Of summer in the forest ;
Her kindliest, brightest life was seen
Where human hearts were sorest,
As sun in storm, as rain in drought,
And smiling faith in hours of doubt.

Ere her so princely father died,
And left a weeping nation,
Her place was ever at his side,
Her look his consolation ;
And all that sorrowed for the dead
Were by her sweet words comforted.

In homely range she lived apart,
As child and wife and mother ;
Her offices were of the heart,
She coveted no other :
And yet in science, old and new,
She saw the false and held the true.

The lark pursues its heavenward quest
Where eye nor ear can follow ;
Low on the ground it builds its nest,
Hid in some leafy hollow :
Fit emblem of their lowliness,
Who through small duties upward press.

The common duty near at hand
Is noble if completed :
How vain to search through all the land
For tasks more grandly meted !
The lowly touches the sublime,—
Eternal things are shaped in time.

And was it vain, the gentle strife,
To spend on deeds so lowly
The beauty and the strength of life,
And make them high and holy ?
Is there no fruitage from the flower
Of each well-filled and faithful hour ?

Ah ! yes, the grand result of Time
Flows on and on forever ;
And every good will be sublime
Beside the crystal river !
And all true life we cannot see,
Revealed and radiant will be.

The wondrous sorcery of song,
Its magic influences ;
The mastery, profound and strong,
Of true poetic senses,
To her made all things pure and bright,
And little things seem infinite.

In that far realm whose anthems fill
The vaulted vast of heaven ;
Where miracles of music thrill
Through human hearts forgiven,
Her lips shall voice the deep life-song
Kept silent in the heart so long.

O martyr-mother ! knewest thou not
How sun and cloud are blended ?
And how the deeds in mercy wrought,
In agony are ended ?
And how love's ardent overflow
Its bounds and bitterness must know ?

Thy child's low wail went through thy heart ;
He turned to thy embracing ;
Love counted not the cost and smart,—
The doom that it was facing.
Thy fate was in the unconscious breath ;
Love was the instrument of death.

All through the warp of human bliss
The weft of woe flies ever ;
No power in this weak world, I wis,
Can this from that dissever ;
But he who waits the final light
Heeds not the surging clouds of night.

How little highest thought divines
Of what life's mystery meaneth ;
We try to read between the lines,
But God the secret screeneth :
Grasping the little that is true,
We hold it fast, and trust and do.

Thy life's reward is hidden now
From earth eyes upward gazing ;
We cannot see thy painless brow
Gleam in the noon sun's blazing ;
We puzzle still what life may mean,—
Thou seest as thyself art seen.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF REV. JOSEPH HART.

A MAN less among men—no common loss—
Since in this throngèd world true men are
few ;

And when one dies, the wound is ever new—
The healing flesh is slow to creep across.

Not by the Nemesis of sin he died ;
Not by the craft of men, or cruel chance ;
Not by some bitter foe's unsparing lance—
He slew himself, a noble suicide.

He was not equal to his soul's command,
Not strong in body as his spirit's strength ;
His heart was ever hurrying his hand ;
And the o'erburdened body sank at length.

Let him essay to fill his place who can,
I know the world is poorer by a *man*.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

CHRISTMAS—day of deep joy—
Goodwill from God to man, and man to man,
When the world becomes a boy,
Forgets its toil, and all are gay who can,—

It brings to us no mirth,
As we bend to catch our pet's last feeble word,
Ere from the winter earth
Her spirit flits like summer-seeking bird.

No Christmas carols sound
Where life and death in latest strife are blent:
Our hearts not yet have found
The Christ invisible in the feared event.

Is this our little maid
With bounding foot and hand so seldom still,
Who if she worked or played,
Made all things pliant to her touch and will?

A pale face turned to God—
A wasted form that once was bright and strong—
Blanched lips that kiss the rod—
A ready heart that whispers, "Lord, how long?"

Come, minister of peace,—
With eyes of love and wings in honey dipt,—
This waiting soul release !
Lo ! from its ward the prisoned soul hath slipt.

Yes, lay the tent away :
Her journey through the wilderness is done.
Ere it is yet full day
The sky is crimsoned by the setting sun.

Where are the graces fled
That made her life a beacon and a boon ?
Though disincarnated,
Have they not risen to a nobler noon ?

She hath not lost her hit
Of beauty, love, and joy, and gentleness ;
No power can coffin it :
To higher things all that is pure doth press.

The offerings of love
Forsaken lie upon the table near ;
In the fair land above
She grasps the golden gifts that live fore'er.

The King, with noiseless tread,
Brought of all boons to weary hearts the best :
Tell me not she is dead—
But say, *God's Christmas gift was rest, sweet rest.*

THE GUERDON OF GRIEF.

A PLEASANT isle in desert place,
Untouched by ship or bird,—
Wherein our dim eyes see no face,
From which we hear no word :

So is this earth in hours of bliss,
When all that gleams is gold ;
The spirit world that circles this
Is like a fable old.

But when we watch the bating breath
Of him whose life ebbs fast,
And mark the faith that smiles at death
As sky but overcast ;

With what calm certainty he waits
The dawn of things supreme,—
We learn 'tis death that liberates,
And wakes ; life did but dream.

And when the worn, wan face is lit
With light almost divine ;
The glory flush transfigures it,
And softens every line ;

As though an angel scattering light,
A veiled evangelist,
Were by him, or his eyes were bright
With looking on the Christ ;

The unseen world of truth and thought,
Made palpable by grief,
Into the web of life is wrought,
And broadens our belief.

So Henry died, in surest hope—
Nay, more than hope was his ;
He saw where we but lightward grope ;
Earth *seems*, but heaven *is*.

The country "very far away"
So true, so near did seem,
The soul's privation were to stay,
And be content to dream.

Our vision of the unseen is dim
Till grief our sight doth mend :
How narrow is the world to him
That never lost a friend !

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CLARE EVEREST.

THE world is not so rich in song,
In heaven's divinest gift of melody,
That even one silent harp should lie
Unnoticed, unlamented, by the busy throng.
Each singer less were an unmeasured grief,
Could we but know the apt and sweet relief
Which some most simple wave of music brings,—
Some errant fancy on unprompted wings,
Or some soft shadow of a common woe,—
To those whom earth and sin
With bars have fenced in,
And naught but these sweet ministries could
win a passage through.
If men would pay the debt
Which to the angels of high song they owe,
Who oft with slow and suffering feet,
And hearts of heaviness,
Still onward, upward press,
And what they win from heaven pour on the
world below ;—
If each true singer should receive his meed,
Men would be left barren and poor indeed.
How oft the precious oil of life is spent
With seeming wastefulness,
But with divine, unseen intent
To feed a beacon light,

And make its wooing or its warning bright
With that whose worth no human thought can
guess.

Deem not the simple rhyme
Thine eye could scan so soon, thy lips so soon
repeat,

Was lightly born as it is lightly spoken.

It was no freak of idle time,

No chance excursion of gay, wandering feet ;

It may be in its birth a heart was broken.

Who tastes the highest bliss,—

Whose lips the muses kiss,

Must pay in throes and throbbings of the soul.

God smoothes the way for men

Content with narrow ken ;

He wearies not whose hand can always touch
his goal.

Great things are born of pain ;

They spring not effortless.

Rough, bitter are the paths soft feet must press
Ere all their hope they gain.

And were the fruit that shews

The all that is the purchase of our strife,

How poor would seem the deep significance of life !

The poem masked so oft in solemn grey of prose !

The secret we pursue,

The essence of the true,

The mystery won from heaven or freed from hell,
Which the true singer's heart doth know so well,

But finds not words or bold analogies to tell,—
This is the meed, the goal, the prize,
Which when the poet finds, he bows his head
and dies.

A voice most strangely sweet is gone from earth,
Most rich, most clear in prophecy of worth.
One reft nook more in the sad grove of song
Proclaims death passes not the brightest and the
best.

Her ministry of music was not long,—
'Twas but a span from east to west,—
But she was faithful, and has earned her rest.
I knew her not with knowledge eye to eye,
With friendship, fellowship, reciprocal ;
But poet hearts regard no interval,—
The bond of song brings every singer nigh,
And all are one beneath the choral sky.
O ! brethren who have known
The vision high and lone,
The mystery, the transport, and the dream,
In soul and song the cross
Is ours, and ours the loss,—
Not hers, on whom immortal wonders stream,—
Glories which to her eyes
Must come with less surprise
Because she heard their music ere she saw their
gleam.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

A FRAGMENT.

MAN, bend ! step slow ! Canst thou not see
The open grave ?
Is a world's grief no grief to thee ?
The tears we crave,
We ask not for a slave.

Is not the earth a baser thing ?
Less strong ? less true ?
Meaner in its imagining ?
In revenue
Less rich ? less wise to do ?

A strength is gone, an excellence
Is passed away ;
The world through its circumference
Must not be gay ;
For we are poor to-day.

Would some well-measured law might take
From fool and knave
Their useless, blighting years, and make
An age to save
The wise man from the grave !

Nay, selfish heart, it is not meet
Thus to complain ;
We say farewell, but others greet ;
Somewhere is gain ;
Our loss is not in vain.

* * * *

He was a bard—no verser fine
Of tinkling verse !
His message was a thing divine,
A boon or curse,
Which he must needs rehearse.

A giant falsehood hung in space,
Starlit by truth,
This world is ; and 'tis by vast grace
And mighty ruth
It lives to-day, in sooth.

He stood against all sham and show
In church and mart—
My soul, though bitter, it is well to know
All that thou art ;
So mayst thou do thy part.

GORDON.

AS Curtius, for the love of Rome,
Leaped armed into a chosen grave—
For only this 'neath heaven's dome,
Rome's costliest and best, could save,—
 Into the gloom
 Of far Khartoum
Passed Gordon, and the long, long night
Hid him forever from our sight.

We've buried him—our hero! When
Will he shake off his sombre shroud,
And save us from the scorn of men?
We hoped—we prayed—we cried aloud:
 No gleam, no word,
 The darkness stirred:

Alas! and will he never rise,
And bless our wistful, aching eyes?

Vain hope! while, free from rude alarms,
We spend our guilty days in ease—
When half of us should be in arms,
And half of us upon our knees—
 Murdered he lies
 'Neath ruthless skies,
Stabbed in the back by coward lance,
That dared not meet his royal glance.

We marvel not he fell at length ;
We marvel that he stood so long,—
So long defied with one man's strength
An army numberless and strong.

All time will tell

How it befell

*That one man garrisoned Khartoum,
And held it in the teeth of doom.*

Some strange spell came from lip and eye
To men of alien tongue and race,
That taught the coward how to die,
And brought the blush to every face :

An influence,

Wide and intense,

Drew men to him they knew not how
Save that some power made them bow.

In him was born and lived again
A type of chivalry long dead ;
Arthur of Britain, king of men,
Was risen and incarnated,—

Softened, refined,

In soul and mind,

Burning with love, and purged from dross,
By long communings at the Cross.

Truth was a passion with him ; naught
Could change the colour of a lie :
Nothing in all the world he sought,
But to live honestly, and die :

He feared not death
As he feared the breath
Of the traitor and the partisan,
In cultured England, or wild Soudan.

A robust faith makes robust men :
Though perils thronged him round the while,—
He saw, above all power and ken,
The power that reigned along the Nile.

*He could not die ;
A purpose high
Had fixed the hour and made the man
To crush the prophet of Kordofan.*

Gordon in danger ! and the men
Who sent him wait, and dream, and wait :
*And troops are leaving England, when
They should have been at Khartoum's gate :*

Oh ! for a head
And heart to lead,—
To save our empire's fair renown,
And the best gem in Britain's crown.

We have the men, the wealth, the power ;
Enough of counsel,—let them move :
Bare words but mock the fateful hour.
Lose not a day ! when each may prove
 In far Khartoum
 The day of doom.
The morn may bring what we most dread,—
Gordon, and England's honour, dead !

" We must have rest at any price ;
The world is weary grown of war :"
Such is our banner's pure device,
The pledge of peace the round earth o'er ;
 But Britain's charm
 Is the sword arm :

When she no more inspires fear,
Red anarchy rules everywhere.

At any price !—too great the cost,
If, for an hour's quietude,
Our best men and our honour lost,
Muhammad Ahmed unsubdued,
 What it had been
 But play to win,
Becomes a long and murderous war—
A sepulchre for thousands more !

But not for Gordon do we mourn :
Worry and pain, a slow disease,
Life of its sweetness long had shorn,
And only death could give him ease :

 We sorrow how
 On England's brow
The Cain mark branded by her crime
Must beg the charity of time.

Ten centuries from now by sire
To listening son it will be told,
With blush of shame and tone of ire,
How, in the ingrate days of old,
 In wild Khartoum,
 In blood and gloom,
The noblest son of Britain fell,
Forsook by those he served so well.

STEAD.

WHO is this man in prison guise,
Haled to a felon's cell?
And why do protest and surprise
Befit his mien so well?

No murderous glare is in his look,
No stain is on his hand;
That eye, that brow, would never brook
The despot's dark command.

The sentence of the pseudo-just
His conscious eyes disprove:
My soul goes out to him in trust,
In homage, and in love.

His crime was that he hated crime,
And saw with choking scorn
The lecher and the lawless climb
To power, and mock the morn.

He saw the guardian laws make smooth
The path of lordly vice;
And voice and pen of strong men soothe
The nation for a price.

With fearless voice and scathing pen
He told the loathsome truth,
For God, for purity, for men,
For woman, and for youth.

And *noble* souls, with strange dismay,
And with new zeal for right,
Shuddered to see in glare of day
What they had wrought by night.

Such was his crime, and for this sin
He wears the convict's dress ;
But clear through Sodom's deafening din
Ten thousand voices bless.

Both now and ever bad men sow
The Upas seeds of doom ;
Injustice is his own worst foe,
And delves his own deep tomb.

And truth condemned is mightier
Than truth extolled and free ;
And from her close-sealed sepulchre
Shall rise, and crownèd be.

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A DIRGE OF TWO.

TWO brooks that, springing from one source,
Pursue in glee their linked course,
Till by some sweet enthralling force

One into other ways is drawn,
Through meads where unknown sun-gleams
dawn;
And yet both seek the same deep awn.

Together met at last, they fall,
As though in answer to some call,
Into the sea that swallows all.

Two birds from some far southern clime,
Wooded by the warm, sweet summer-time,
Careless of wintry snow and rime:

One mates, and builds her marriage-nest,
And covers with her feathery breast
And sheltering wing each tiny guest.

But both by the grim hunter, Death,
Who slays all he encountereth,
Were lifeless laid upon one heath.

Two flowers that, blooming side by side,
The gentle gardener saw with pride;
For none with their rich beauty vied.

One, culled by wondering hands, was borne
To the home that else were dark and lorn;
And in the breast of love was worn.

But both sweet flowers are witherèd;
Colour and fragrance both are fled;
And all we loved is vanishèd.

Ah! why must love our hearts enthrall,
Since soon we hear the muffled call,
And death and darkness cover all?

But no, my soul; thy reasoning
Forgets the heaven from which we spring,
And end of all our wandering.

The little brook, it is not lost;
The bird to summer skies has crossed;
The sweet flowers fear no blighting frost.

The brook has learned to flow and sing;
The bird, to soar on stronger wing;
The flowers, to deck a richer spring.

And those two graves there, side by side,
Hold not a sister and a bride ;
Our hearts forget God's world is wide.

The fair young lives so parted here
By our deep loss are brought more near,
And roam together yon bright sphere.

LY

LYRIC AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

H

SUB ROSA.

HOW oft we turn in soul away
From earth's deceptive glory,
And long to live our narrow day
In sunny realms of story,
Where every moment we may find
Some new refreshment for the mind.

Then seek we some sweet solitude
Where, covert and retired,
Nature's unnoticed underwood
Is growing unadmired ;
Where flowers flourish in the shade,
And birds may carol unafraid.

The voice of malice is unheard,
Of envy or detraction,—
The jarring noise, the cruel word,
The shout of foe or faction ;
Unholy passions are unknown,
And peace and pleasure reign alone.

There learn we from the flowers and trees
How to be unambitious,
And soon the freight of every breeze
Will meet our simple wishes,
And like the greenery of the glade
Our lives will prosper in the shade.

HIDDEN POWER.

WE do not feel the greatness of our birth,
But cringe to bards and sages ;
We grow but by the wisdom of the earth,
And ape the ages ;

And, though our genius call us with imperious
tone,

We will not heed her voice, because she is our
own.

We do not watch beside the fires that burn.
In our own breasts and flash at every turn :
We feed our spirits at the boards of others,
And sponge for wit and warmth upon our
brothers.

Their houses are no goodlier than ours,
Their pictures richer, or more sweet their flowers.
We see in other thought our own thought once
neglected ;

We see in other light our own once undetected.
The child unloved at home has turned a ranger,
And found a home at last with some kind
stranger.

There shines about some books a strange familiar
glory,

Because in our own souls was born the silent
story.

We still despise our own, and praise another's
rather,

And so our children scorn to call us father.

*ALONE.*¹⁰

WHY are our souls afraid of solitude ?
Why do we seek companions every hour ?
With lone and insular life are we endued ;
To have it else is all beyond our power.
We live alone, and soon must die alone ;
We dwell apart from every other being ;
The life we live is all and but our own ;
Our vision of ourselves is all our seeing.

The tenderest feelings of our heart and sense,
Our deepest thoughts, and all our real life
(Of which the outward is but poor pretence),
And all our bosom's never-wearing strife,
Were our nearest friend to know or see,
We'd lose what makes our sole identity.

TO L—.

SWEET one ! God bless thy tender heart,
Where love and prayer hold sway alone !
Unscathed by sin or worldly art,
Pure, homely pleasure be thy part,
And make thy gentle breast its throne.

Heaven bless thee for thy sweet consent
To yield me thy young life's pure love.
Forever gone is discontent ;
In thee my heart is confident ;
In a new world my soul doth move.

The winter's gloom is past away,
And spring leads out the rosy hours ;
The darkness gone, clear shines the day ;
And while with thankful heart I pray,
The wilderness is fair with flowers.

My soul, once racked and torn with strife,
With joyous hope is brimming o'er ;
I pass into a higher life,
And see, with thee my more than wife,
Long years of usefulness before.

Since, standing by a father's knee,
 I learned of love that knows no end,
 The world has never been to me
 All that my heart would have it be ;
 No friend ere now was all a friend.

Never, dear, never shalt thou rue
 The promise thou this eve hast given,
 If aught that I can be or do
 Can smooth thy path, the revenue
 Of life enrich, or help to heaven.

Through life to death I'll cherish thee,
 And make thy happiness my bliss ;
 Close as thy shadow will I be,
 And though the future none can see,
 All life will yield we shall not miss.

I'll trample on the thorny road
 Till every thorn a rose shall seem ;
 With willing heart I'll share thy load
 Of grief and pain—whate'er forebode
 The love of love shall clothe our dream.

Great hopes in bright succession rise,
 Great purposes and greater thoughts ;
 And from the love-light of thine eyes
 Are woven golden destinies,
 Sweet plots and sweeter counterplots.

Thy love shall teach me what is right,
 My guiding star thy counsel given ;
 Till faith hath lost itself in sight,
 The finite in the infinite,
 And hand in hand we enter heaven.

TO HEAVEN THROUGH PALESTINE.¹¹

I READ—and can but wonder as I read—
 How great, good men, who longed for heaven
 and home,
 Sought alien earth, a wild, unfriendly shore,
 In quest of purity and love, to roam
 Where God was born a man, for men to bleed.
 They deemed the dead clods quickened by the
 deed,
 Instinct with life they ne'er had known before.
 Are peace and pardon fellows with the sod ?
 Must we leave home and friends to find our God ?
 If seas and deserts bar the soul from heaven,
 Where are the promises which God hath given ?

The sun that warms the olive and the vine,
 Whose hot rays fall on Jew and Saracen,
 Bathes other lands as soon ; its beams pursue
 No longer course to search each Grecian glen.
 The kindly blue that smiles on Palestine
 Smiles as serenely on this home of mine,
 And seems not far away to human view.

The myriad stars, their beauty, mystery,
Are near to Canada as Calvary.
Must mercy from a ruthless shore be brought ?
Is heaven not nearer than the pilgrims thought ?

Heaven opens not alone from Galilee :
Its door is where the truth of God is taught,
And where the tenderness of God is known.
'Twas profitless, the labour which they wrought ;
Futile their conflict, vain their misery :
Christ lingers not about Gethsemane.
As bends the sheltering blue o'er every zone,
Even so the Christ of God is everywhere
Where there are hearts to love and souls to fear.
No summer leaves us when the swallows fly ;
For Christ, the summer of our souls, is nigh.

*POST MORTEM.*¹²

WE seek the truth ! O God, reveal
The light so masked by cloud and mist !
It boots not what the heart may feel,
Or spirit list ;

It boots not that the coward shrinks,
That man the mystery hath not read ;
For justice is with unseen links
To mercy wed.

The Lord is love ; His love is writ
On every man, on every thing.
Howe'er we may interpret it—
Sweet love is King.

His menace is the word of love ;
His penal pain is discipline ;
His laws, they thunder from above
To save from sin.

The sinning spirit, if it grieve,
Though lost in darkness and duress,
Or here or there, He will receive,
Forgive and bless.

If thought, or loss, or pain, or fire
Can melt, or change, or purify,
He will not scorn the new desire,
And let it die.

And if from sunny heights of hope
And boundless possibility
We fall, and in the shadows grope
Of misery,—

Let none, in hard, metallic tone,
To Him, whose pity never dies,
Impute the dole of them who moan
And agonize.

Hell is the will, the work of man ;
Love made it not—love ne'er will cease
To will the end of every pain,
And only peace.

Love wills,—but must that will prevail ?
Love's purposes can nothing bar ?
Is the sea breathless when His sail
Loometh afar ?

Alas ! the wind—the storm—the wreck !
The lust—the pride—the wilfulness—
The blind insanities that check
The power of grace !

God adds not to the chosen doom
A *shall not be*, a seal of fate ;
He writes not on the hopeless tomb,
Too late ! too late !

No wrath will rage, no vengeance burn ;
No bolts will bar the gates of gold ;
All heaven may woo man to return
Into the fold.

But custom holds as in a vice :
He loathes the pain, but loves the offence ;
And scorns to pay the simple price
Of penitence.

Evil his good, and sin his god,
He could not live in heaven's pure air ;
His will is stronger than God's rod,
Or Christ's strong prayer.

The willing captive wants no walls,
No warder stern with flaming sword ;
The cruelty of self enthrals,—
And self is lord.

If we have erred, and wrong Thy truth,
Because we feared to wrong Thy love,
Let the incoming of Thy sooth
The wrong disprove !

O God, we pray, Thy grace unfold !
Our faith, our love to Thee increase !
And so, whate'er the ages hold,
It will be peace.

WIND AND WAVES.

A TROUBLED life—the trouble springs
Beyond our mean imaginings:
We hear the rush of viewless wings.

The wind is wailing woefully;
We hear it, but we cannot see
Aught save the bending of a tree.

The waves are rising on the deep;
On rock and sand they wildly leap.
Did sudden danger frighten sleep?

I dreamed a dream—I thought not then
'Twould have a being among men;
And now it lives to mock my ken.

Are life, and wind, and wave, and dream
Presences other than they seem?
Or random rays upon a stream

Of influence, which is dark and dim,
Whose source is in the mind of Him
Who hides Him from the cherubim?

MY TREASURE.

MINE is a treasure brighter far
Than Dian's self or maiden star,
Or Cytherea's radiant car.

She is my wealth—she is my pride—
She is my fame ; and by her side
All crowns are mine, whate'er betide.

Her simple words prove sages fools ;
And he whose thought her counsel rules
May scorn the wisdom of the schools.

My inmost heart her temple is ;
Her love, best flower of earthly bliss ;
And heaven is in her pure, warm kiss.

As in her smile delight is found,
And in her presence joys abound ;
So in her frown is gloom for me,
And in her absence, misery.

Though fate seem dark, and men seem cold,—
If her soft, trembling hand I hold,
I reckon not if an empire scold.

When days are dark, and mists arise,
I kindle joy at those sweet eyes,
And breathe the air of paradise.

REFUGE.

BESSIE in her world of toys,
Harmless troubles, simple joys,
Warp and weft of tender thought,
Lightly woven, cheaply bought,—
Hears no voice in all the room,—
Heeds not how we go and come ;
Happier in her world she is
Than the proudest king in his.

Would that we from her could learn
How in hours of strife to turn
To some refuge fancy-wrought,
Nestling in some vale of thought ;
Some sweet nook where we might hide,
Safe from all dispute and pride.
But vain our flight from pride and pelf,
Haunted still by prouder self.

One asylum, under heaven,
To the world-worn heart is given ;
One deep refuge unbeset
By life's constant care and fret.
Rest we where the psalmist did,
In God's secret presence hid.
Tongues may strive and pride may swell,
They cannot storm that citadel.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

I WAS musing in the seeming pause between
the old and new;

Hiding all the changeless evil with a sinless
afterview ;

Drowning in a windless ocean, storing deep in
ocean caves,

Burying sin and pain and sorrow in imaginary
graves

—When the stern reproachful accents of a gentle
voice supreme

Soon dispelled the glittering phantoms which
made bright a moment's dream :

"I was once as pure and perfect as the holy
primal light,

"Safe within the thought of God, clean as the
snow-fall's virgin white ;

"Thought I not of false profession, loving with
a ready faith,

"In my true heart fondly deeming, sure he
meaneth what he saith ;

"Fool was I to trust my dwelling to the shifting,
sinking sand ;

"Fool was I—a blow or blessing cometh from
the self-same hand.

"All the prophecy of morning is forgotten ere
the noon ;

"And the gravest, surest pledges last but to the
rounded moon.

"Where is now my stainless vesture ? Where is
now my maiden mirth ?

"And where now the silver songlets chasing
sadness from the earth ?

"Gone the beauty, gone the gladness, gone the
witching poesy,

"Gone the heart unversed in evil,—gone all else
but misery !

"So discrowned and fallen and trampled, can I
stand where I have stood,

"With the taller times of heaven, in among the
years of God ?

"Yours the bitter blame of conscience, mine the
ever rife distress ;

"Yours the curse I fain would lighten, but that
never groweth less."

Void of hope the voice was, piercing as a sword
into my soul,

Clouding all the fancied future, darkening the
promised goal ;

All its shadows pressed around me—when a
wave of music swept

O'er me like the benediction of an angel, and I
stept

Out into another world beneath that spell of
 melody ;
Some sweet strain it seemed from heaven's
 brimming hoards of minstrelsy.

- "Look above, O son of sorrow ; see the bending,
 beaming Love,
"King of attributes in heaven, sovereign in the
 realms above.
"Think'st thou mercy's tide is ebbing, heedless
 of the heart that grieves ?
"God's great patience is not dead, and cannot die
 while sorrow lives.
"Wrong is not without its cure while He who
 died to right all wrong
"Stands between man's sin and judgment with
 a case so clear and strong.
"From your curse and condemnation Christ's
 strong prayer will set you free,
"If you use me righteously ; the Old Year's
 ransom is in me.
"If no stain on me appeareth in the white light
 of God's throne,
"When the Monarch of the Ages sorts the years
 to find His own,
"My unfaulted moons shall smooth the furrow-
 ing brow of righteousness,
"And my sinlessness shall clothe the Old Year
 in her first pure dress."

Bright the vision spread before me by the New
Year's hopeful lay,
Radiant with the glowing promise of a better,
purer day.
Sacramental seemed the music, bringing strength
to will and work,
As if helping hands from heaven touched me
through the mist and murk.
Give me grace, O strong God-brother! Feed
me from the infinite!
Light my pathway all its distance from the far-
off fountain light!

*THE MERCY OF GOD.*¹³

THEY have a saying in the East:—
Two angels note the deeds of men,
And one is first and one is least.
When men do right, one takes his pen
And magnifies the deed to ten.
This angel is at God's right hand,
And holds the other in command.
He says to him when men do wrong,
"The man was weak, temptation strong,—
"Write not the record down to-day;
"To-morrow he may grieve and pray."

It may be myth ; but this is sooth—
No ruth is lasting as God's ruth ;
The strongest is the tenderest ;
He who best knows us loves us best.

RESIGNATION.

WE say Amen because we must,
And not because we will ;
Powerless to change, we call it trust,
But we are angry still.

How often we appear resigned
To pain, when in the soul
There springs a rage the calm behind,
It kills us to control.

Submission is necessity :
The bird that beats its cage
Wins no sweet meed of liberty,—
No meed but deeper rage.

How vain to brave the King of kings !
Man cannot move His throne ;
No pain to Him the battle brings,—
The pain is ours alone.

To cope where conflict means defeat
Is sure no wise man's part ;
Our stoic calm is but deceit,
If anger fills the heart.

Not only should the striving end ;
The soul's rage too must cease.
Unbroken things perforce may bend :
Endurance is not peace.

We crave a deeper confidence,
Not a despairing rest ;
A living faith, without pretence,
In Him whose way is best ;

A faith that stands when causes fall,—
That stays when purpose flies,—
That questions not, but waits, through all,
The future's vast surprise.

HEAVEN

THE city of sweet love,
My soul so long hath sought,
Lifts its bright pinnacles above
The utmost reach of thought.

Even what the Spirit saith
Is but foreshadowing pale,
And the far-seeing eye of faith
Can never pierce the veil.

The pure in heart have seen
The over-mystery ;
But the deep secret hid within,
No mortal eye may see.

To sensuous audience
Its melodies are mute ;
Its bliss can touch no human sense,
Or carnal attribute.

TWO PROPHETS.

TWO seers scan the days afar,
The mysteries of sun and star.

Doubt frowns beneath the brightest sky,
Which his stern mood doth falsify.
The charm is dead,—the beauty gone,—
The gloom and storm are his alone.
The spheric dance and jubilee
His trustless spirit may not see.

But Faith, with sun-like countenance,
Transfigured, in prophetic trance,
Drinks in the light of sun and sea,
The rapture and the mystery ;
Notes not the momentary gloom,—
Heeds not the clouds that go and come ;
Or in the darkness sees the light,
And noon-day in the womb of night.
Faith sees no wrath in cloud or rain,
And no divine revenge in pain.
One purpose hides in sun and storm ;
One thought matures in man and worm.
No orator can it rehearse,—
No singer in the universe.

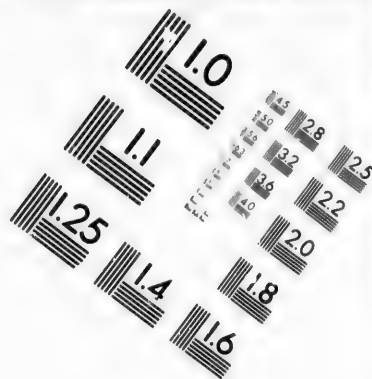
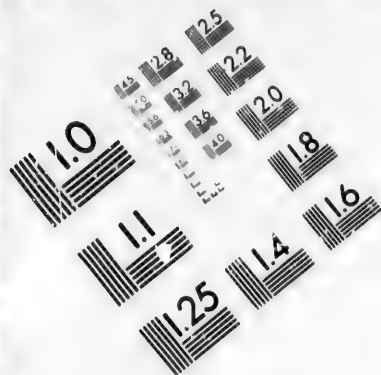
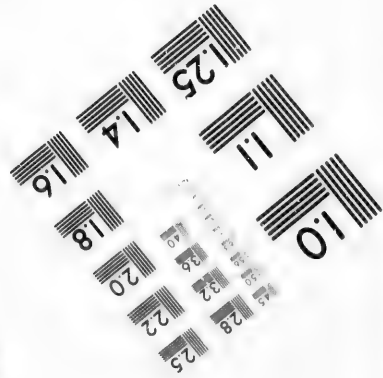
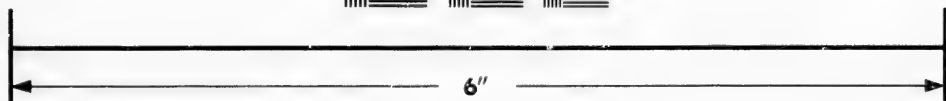
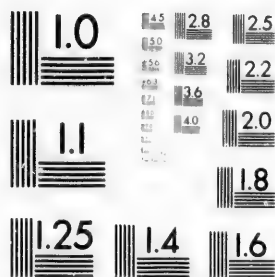


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The meanest thing in wood or dell
Holds more of God than man can tell.
We can see nothing through and through,
And yet it seems to me and you,
The prophecy of Faith is true :
*Love solves the riddle better than
Imprisonment and torture can.*

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

A TENDER love upgrew,
And a soft radiance threw
Upon a maiden's life and young man's
heart.
The young man's heart grew strong,
The maiden's life a song—
One summer saw the tender love depart.
Requiescat in pace.

Say not he came to spoil,
So soon beneath the soil ;
Or that his ministry was but begun.
Naught of the dead but good ;
If it were understood,
It might appear that all his work was done.
Requiescat in pace.

Map not the might-have-been ;
Thou canst not judge between
A tenderness and Him who sent it forth.
Speak sober words and kind ;
The power left behind
May far outweigh the might-have-been in worth.
Requiescat in pace.

The summer was not long ;
But two young hearts are strong—
Two lives are truer made, if not more glad.
Heaven's hest was satisfied ;
Love's mission o'er, he died ;
It is not always evil to be sad.
Requiescat in pace.

THEN AND NOW.

HER eyes were blue and soft, and tamed
The passionate and proud in me :
They captured me—could I be blamed ?
Fastened, enslaved, I was not free,
And fell upon my bended knee.

Her voice was like the fabled strain
That charmed the passing mariner,
Drawn from his course across the main
By some resistless force to her
Who chanted—so I could not stir.

But now a mystery of fate
Creates a change enthralling choice ;
And love is grown disconsolate :
The matchless music of the voice
Seems dead, and love will not rejoice.

Made I the cloud that gathered o'er
The beauty and obscured the grace ?
The eyes were blue and soft no more.
The world may gaze upon her face,
But cannot stand in my sad place.

LOVE.¹⁴

?
THE world may rock,
And every shock
Will give to love a deeper root;
And change and chance
And circumstance
Will make it bear the choicer fruit.

THE DEATH OF DEATH.

WHEN death shall die,
Will you and I
Be bearers of his pall?
With the long train
Of souls in pain
Mourn at his funeral?

AMBITION.

I SHOOK the apple-tree,
The ripe fruit strewed the ground ;
But nothing else would do,
My boy must come up too,
And would not look around.

HOMELY AND HEAVENLY.

HOW dim is heaven and far
To eye of him that looks for golden gates ;
When in the throng or at our feet it waits
In duties secular.

With touch and vision fain
To mete the wonders of the spirit-sphere,
We would pursue the soul in its career.
O quest and longing vain !

And in the very strife
To make the mystery plain to sight of sense,
And clear to lower laws of evidence,
We lose the life of life.

*AL ARAF.*¹⁵

OPTIMI MALORUM PESSIMI BONORUM.

THE mystic border that divides
The bad man from the good,
Men would discover if they could;
But deep from men it hides.

We do not miss the worst and best,
The better and the worse;
They wear before the universe
A mark on brow and breast.

But some there are who stand so near
The line we cannot see,
That love and truth cannot agree
To place them here or there.

JUDGE NOT.

DARK deeds in heathen cult and creed,—
They are from hell, we say.
What if our virtues prove the weed,
And these the flower, one day ?

Though right in God is absolute,
In man it is not so ;
And sweet fruit from a bitter root
No power can make to grow.

For man to do the higher deed,
Ere fuller light pours in,
And so deny his lower creed,—
The doing would be sin.

The creed is father of the deed,
The culture, of the man ;
Your morals would not his exceed,
With but his truth to scan.

Yea, though his system should convince,
Your coward heart might fail,
And your so pampered body wince,
And your proud spirit quail :

To that high ground you might not rise
Of what your creed calls vice,
But in the great Heart-seer's eyes
Is peace and pardon's price.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

SHE writes to me in guileless questioning,
Should I do this or that?—or if 'tis done,
Did I do right? This friendship will I
shun?

As if I e'er could wish to stay the wing
Of widest sympathy. Were love to bring
Such narrowing of social liberty,
Or bind the trusting will that once was free,
It were a stern, enslaving, formal thing.

I forge no fetter,—be it far from me;
In praise I speak,—in censure I am dumb.
Love knows no service which is slavery;
When laws into the life of love are come,
They strangle the desire that brings them in.
To rule is brutal,—'tis divine to win.

II.

I muse upon my dear wife's photograph,
Art's truest portraiture of her pure face,
And find not the inimitable grace
Of varying mood and merry-hearted laugh,
That leads my soul in sweet captivity.
Each light and shade is fastened in one place;
They cease to pass in their bewitching chase;
And eye and mouth have lost variety.

One mood, position, only is portrayed,
And that robbed of the sweet transfiguring
light,—
The light that sparkles in her gentle eyes
When turned on me. If busy art had made
Photographs countless of moods infinite,
Her living grace above them all would rise.

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THE BABY'S MISSION.

WEE stranger, from what wondrous shore
Was thy departing ? and what hand
Guided thee hither ? and wherefore
Camest thou ? and at whose command ?
Is not thy home beyond the sea
Golden, as it is famed to be,—
Free from the wrongs by which this earth is
banned ?

Hast thou a mission ? do we greet
An infant messenger divine,
Empowered of matters great to treat,—
Tiny apostle of some wise design,
With messages of light and love,
Which thy unfolding life must prove,
Not suddenly to be dropped at our feet ?

He at whose bidding thou art sent
Is wise and loving, and 'tis plain
In this thy coming His intent
Is some great boon through thee to men.
So far thou wouldst not stray, and brave
The world's rough usage and the grave,
If in thy life some mission were not meant.

Is it to be a priest to men,
And read the lore of leaf and star,
The gospel hid in field and fen ;
And shew men where the angels are—
God's angels, beauty, light, and love ?
They dwell not in the mists above,
And only sin our intercourse can bar.

The mission of that little hand
By us cannot be understood ;
He only knows, whose wisdom planned
Thy life and ministries of good.
No sorrow from our ignorance
Doth rise—thy life is not a chance ;
Who sent will guide through garden, wild, and
wood.

CONTENT.

NO courtly hall or palace grand
With envy moves me ;
All earth can yield is in the hand
Of her that loves me.

No panting thirst for knowledge robs
My heart of quiet,
While sure with mine that one heart throbs,
And nestles nigh it.

Of little worth are wealth and power ;
The curse is in them ;
My wife and babe are richer dower
Than theirs that win them.

I care not what the world may say
Of praise or scorning,
If Heaven is near us when we pray
At eve and morning.

THE UNSEEN.

MORE than is on the surface
Is below, could we but believe;
To see the robe of an action
Is all we seem to achieve.

We measure the gift, but the giving—
In the depth of it we are lost.
The loan is small to the lending;
And the gain as naught to the cost.

The learning transcends the lesson;
The doing, the finished deed;
And the search for truth in the darkness
Transcends the written creed.

The song in the soul of the singer,
The noon of the painter's dream—
'Twas never in speech or colour
Translated gleam for gleam.

Behind the man is the motive;
The world in which we dwell
Is the cloke no less than the image
Of a world invisible.

DREAM AND DEED.

W HATE'ER I do, where'er I go,
There's one that goes before ;
How deep soe'er the truths I know,
That other knoweth more.

Full stronger than my utmost strength,
Full better than my best,—
Though dark my aim, whate'er its length,
He leadeth in the quest.

I find the traces of his flight ;
I hear the distant wing ;
He never looms in very sight ;
My winter is his spring.

I touch the verge of part or ken,
And he is in its core ;
I reach its centre too, and then
He speedeth on before.

REST.

*Oh ! that I had wings like a dove ; for then would I fly
away, and be at rest. —DAVID.*

WHY pine for the impossible,
Fond spirit, sorrow-worn ?
The idle wish is infidel
To Him who weaves the morn.

The darkness is a brief eclipse,
The hiding of His face ;
And this strange dearth of fellowships,
The pausing of His grace.

The task and toil that tire the hand,
The aching and the strife,
Rise not unpurposed and unplanned,
To harass human life.

They shroud a mystery of love,
A deep and wise design ;
Who winged for flight the gentle dove,
Ordained thy lot and mine.

Safe sheltered in her cedar nest,
The dove is satisfied ;
But the high hopes that fill thy breast
To her hath God denied.

uld I fly
Thy peace is not in circumstance,
Rooted to time or place ;
The healing power His love implants,
A miracle of grace.

Wings cannot bear thee to thy rest,
Flying from pole to pole ;
It lies not east, it lies not west—
It rises in the soul.

os,
Then bow thy spirit to His beck ;
What He appoints is right.
His yoke is for the willing neck—
The load of love is light.

SCIO.

THE science of the things we see,
Is it the all that man can know ?
Must we our dearest faith forego,
The truth of truth that makes us free ?

If what I see is all, in sooth,
Blest is the swarth idolator :
The pagan and the sage concur ;
Each worships what is known of truth.

Mine is no dogma built on sand,
Shaken by shallow reasoning ;
But truth to which the soul can cling,
A rock on which the feet can stand.

"I know that my Redeemer lives"—
Job does not dream or speculate ;
But to a truth beyond debate
His reasoning consent he gives.

And Paul, the keen—is he deceived ?
Less certain than the scientist ?
When counting all but loss for Christ—
"I know in whom I have believed."

"We know that all things are for good,
If we love God"—both loss and gain,
The bitter grief, the cruel pain;—
All will be best when understood.

Wise men, ye set too high a price
Upon your pulseless sciences,
Which would destroy our paradise.
'Tis we that know—'tis ye that guess.

Your eyes believe the sky is blue,
Our hearts are sure that God is love;
And we hear music far above
The lower voices sensed by you.

LIGHT IS SOWN.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.—Ps. xcvii., 11.

LIGHT is sown for thee, my friend ;
When these sorrowing hours are flown,
It will ripen in the end ;
Light is sown.

Joy is growing in thy grief
More than ever thou hast known ;
Hope may laugh at unbelief ;
Light is sown.

For this dark and cloudy drift
All the future will atone :
Look not down ; thine eyes uplift :
Light is sown.

Though we hear the rush of wings,
Love will not desert his own ;
Faith, if all else vanish, sings,
" Light is sown."

Tears are weak, and tears are vain ;
Love, strong love, is on the throne ;
Buried hopes will rise again ;
Light is sown.

TRANSMIGRATION.

THROUGH speeding years, in rain and sun,
A spirit I knew not led me on.
I was the passive instrument
Of forces in my bosom pent.
What guise the wandering spirit wore
I could but follow and adore.

The roving spirit is spirit of wife,
And spirit of babe, and spirit of life.
In the transfiguring light of home
The heart content no more doth roam.
For duty, reason, will, and thought
Into one golden web are wrought.
She who sits near me while I write
In one sweet spirit doth unite
All gleaming glories that crossed my way,
And pours them in a fuller day.
Yes, wife ; my heart is one for thee :
I was no errant devotee ;
These outward signs did not allure ;
I loved no dazzling coverture :
The spirit grace whose home thou art
Wandered in these and held my heart.

Nor did my homage do them wrong
Because its noontide was not long.
Endeavour could no more keep than make
The force that bound us. No mistake
Confest is wrong as one lived out ;
When taught, 'tis better to turn about.
'Tis better to do a seeming wrong
Than hide a serpent in a love-song.
When the wind veers, to shift one's course
Is wiser than wasting bootless force.
I could not give when love was fled
A mask of life to what was dead.

Nor do these vanished dreams of life
Lessen my love for babe and wife.
I know thee, wife ; I have thy heart,
Thine eye, thy hand, and all thou art ;
It was thy wandering spirit fed
My growing soul with daily bread ;
And as my kingdom is in thee,
So is thy queenly reign in me.

SONNET.

JACQUES CARTIER.

NO flame of war was he, no flower of grace,
No star of wisdom ; but a plain, bold man,
More careful of the end than of the plan.
No mystery was he afraid to face ;
No savage strategy, no furious storm,
No stings of climate, no unthought disease ;
His master purpose would not bend to these,
But saw, through all, achievement's towering
form.

He first beheld the gloomy Saguenay,
And Stadacona's high, forbidding brow ;
His venturous vision too did first survey
Fair Hochelaga, but not fair as now.
St. Malo holds his dust, the world his fame,
But his strong, dauntless soul 'tis ours to claim.

THE NAMES OF CHRIST.

A FRAGMENT.

A GOLDEN chain, and every link a name,
Doth bind my heart to God.
Oh! sing, my muse, the worth of Him
that came
From heaven's throne to bear my sin and blame,
And paths of manhood trod.

Sing of the names He bears as very God
In awful strains and slow;
Sing of His brotherhood and sympathy,
His love and help in all our misery,
In accents sweet and low.

Circle my neck with all the precious beads,
The flowers, the pearls of grace;
And let me tell them, while my spirit feeds
Upon His attributes, and each name leads
Me more to seek His face.

One hundred stars, and every star a sun;
One hundred flowers, and every flower a rose;
Oh! sing, my muse, His worth.
Oh! sing the names of Jesus one by one;
And let the theme, though mean the music flows,
Lift high our hearts from earth.

*SONNET.**DEATH.*

WE cannot hold an argument with death ;
He hears no pleadings, but with strong,
stern hand
He tears its idols from a weeping land,
And leaves the base and worthless—with his
breath
He blights the blossom, and he spares the weed.
From them that long for him he hides his face,
And folds the fairest in his forced embrace,—
Arrests the hand that almost grasps life's meed.

He strikes the singer ere his song is sung,
The lover in the morning dream of love,—
Palsies the orator's unpractised tongue,
Nor lets the moralist his dogma prove.
The promise must be elsewhere fulfilled,
And there be wrought what here is only willed.

ODE TO MY ALMA MATER.

ALL hail ! ye pleasure-haunted halls,
 So present, and withal so far !
All hail ! ye dear familiar walls,
 Where now strange forms and faces are.
Strange voices speak, strange figures move,
But do not change the halls I love.
My heart is with thee, happy place !
My memories of thee no future can efface.

All hail ! each dear familiar spot
 Where arm in arm we loved to stroll.
Each favorite scene is unforgot ;
 Sweet memories cluster round the whole.
How like a dream those scenes arise
Before my half-awakened eyes !
And through the gathering mist of tears
I see the brightening beams of those serenest
 years.

Within those studious walls I learned
 To venerate the mighty dead.
Oh how my soul within me burned
 At every glowing word they said !

On wisdom's page I loved to pore,
And on the wings of thought to soar
Above a vain and sordid world
To regions where no flag of conflict is unfurled.

Once more with eager friends I sit
At feet of sage or saint or seer,
And list to words of truth and wit,
And wonder at the words I hear.
Once more, by kind instruction's aid,
I thread the maze of classic shade
Or philosophic mystery ;
And to the muse I swear eternal fealty.

Hail ! then, ye ne'er forgotten halls,
Abode of learning, home of truth,
Within whose joy-frequented walls
I spent my happiest years of youth.
Long may ye flourish ! may the light
Fast brightening chase the clouds of night,
And in its full effulgence beam
Upon *your turrets high* that crown my waking
dream !

THE POET'S MEED.

NOT in the glare of printed page,
In gilded garb, doth poetry
Make known her sweetest mystery,
But in the heart's lone hermitage.

Craving not praise or laureate robe,
She lives in plain unworldly dress,
In lowly, meek unselfishness,
Deep in the corners of the globe.

The peasant as he breaks the sod
Hears the soft sighing of her breath,
Through all our tangled life and death
Diffusive as the grace of God.

Her lips have kissed the wanderer ;
Her breath has soothed the branded brow ;
She shines into all sadness now ;
All grief has generous thoughts of her.

She comes to me in silent power ;
No voice I hear, no face I see ;
But strength is in the mystery,
And inspiration in the hour.

Our deeds all read ; but who can see
What hides behind the deeds, or know
The meaning in the underflow
Of life's unworded melody ?

Beneath the crusted show of life
There flows a tide of tenderness ;
And far below the world's distress,
A calm and comfort, strong and rife.

This ours, why fear to fade away
Through cycles of oblivious shade,
Naught being marred, and nothing made,
To urge our fame beyond its day ?

But flow unchecked, unbidden stream,
Thou simple poem of the heart,
Shunning the madness of the mart,
Falling into the lonely dream.

If it be borne to kindred shores,
One single shore, then not in vain
Into the rude estranging main
Its timid tide the streamlet pours.

And if my heart should never know
The joy of perfect sympathy,
Then let my thought return to me
And home into its fountain flow.

A SONG OF FAILURE.

THE weary hand I sing, and heart,
That never poet sang;
The silent song, the buried art,
The unknown martyr's pang.

A thousand pæans noise the deeds
Of men who fought and won;
I sing the hero masked in weeds,
And shrinking from the sun.

He fought as good and brave a fight
As ever mortal fought;
His eye was keen, his cause was right,—
And all availed naught.

I sing the men who did the right
When wrong was on the throne,
And fearless, in a world's despite,
Stood for the truth alone;

The men that builded for all time
In unobservèd ways,
Self-poised in their aim sublime,
Nor craved a people's praise.

For they who rose in favouring hour
And fashioned all things new,
Expressed a silent, living power
That through long ages grew :

And they who hewed the solid stone
On which the temple stands,
We know them not—we have alone
The labour of their hands.

I sing the bard whose glory earned
Was lost mid war and lust :
And him who died ere he had learned
His hidden powers to trust :

The poet who could ne'er express
The notes that through him rang ;
For songs are in the silences
Sweeter than bard e'er sang.

I sing the hand that lost the prize ;
The hope that died too soon ;
The sons of spring whose gentle eyes
Ne'er saw the flowers of June.

The grief that never spake, I sing ;
The strong love never told ;
The victories of suffering ;
The heart in youth grown old.

Tell me not he who fails will miss
The guerdon of his aim :
The life that crowns the hope of this
Will meet the soul's just claim.

A voice I hear,—They only win
Who, brave and pure and true,
Discrown the foe that reigns within,
And self and sin subdue.

When every mask is torn from men,
Who earned the day's success
May still have failed—the hero then
Rise from the wilderness.

In the new light of that far day
How sad our praise will seem,
When they who fell in many a fray
Shall near the throne supreme.

QUATRAINS.

1.

LIFE has two sovereign moments ;
One when we settle down
To some life-worthy purpose,—
One when we grasp the crown.

2.

In weakness is no argument
To fold our arms and die ;
What men too oft miscall content
Is sloth and misery.

3.

To the man in mean station,
Poor in purse or in health,
Some divine compensation
Turns his want into wealth.

4.

The church is none the worse
Because the pauper prays ;
Nor poorer is the universe
For what the poet says.

5.

Nothing so mean but that its worth
Somewhere, some once, is known,
And by some turmoil of the earth
To the top of things is thrown.

6.

A charm is in the start of things
So fine and fugitive,
It steals away on viewless wings
If part or passion live.

7.

The whispers of the evening,
The whispers of the day,
We hear not in the rush of life
Till they are passed away.

8.

Spend thy rage, iconoclast,
On the idols of the past;
Nor take away our faith and hope,
And leave us in the dark to grope.

9.

Pleasure is punishment
When sought unto excess;
It baffles our intent,
And *more* is ever *less*.

10.

Heaven ! how thou art grown,—
Another and the same.
These two men are not one
In nature, though in name.

11.

Although through all the round
Of faces fair, love ran,
Nothing more fair he found,
But ends where he began.

12.

All things are on the move ;
I scarce have where to stand.
Look not away, my love ;
Steady me with thy hand.

13.

We cannot know the bitter pain
The angels know, who fell,
Unless we too should heaven gain,
And fall from heaven to hell.

14.

God pity who sucked in
Vice with his earliest breath ;
Cradled with whom was sin,
Sin and his daughter death !

15.

When sin is yet a babe,
Satan supports his own ;
When sin becomes a man,
Then he can walk alone.

16.

Why does the stream move slow,
As though regretfully ?
Wishful of inland scenes,
And fearful of the sea ?

17.

Would I might lay me down
Low by her side that's gone ;
And end so in deep sleep
The vigil that I keep.

18.

Why overload the brain,
The hungry heart to please ?
Canst raise the ship again
Self-sunk in stormless seas ?

19.

The future who would read ?
Or scan with curious eyes ?
Life would be dull indeed
Bereft of all surprise.¹⁸

20.

If welcome what we seek,
And dreaded what we fly;
If life be worse than death,
'Tis cowardice to die.

21.

Dive deep into thyself,
And find out what thou art;
So shalt thou learn thy place,
And how to do thy part.

22.

As stars are larger than they seem,
And far away the nearest;
So be thou greater than men deem,
Be more than thou appearest.

23.

All men seem made of good and bad,
Together thrown without a plan:
Through all this patchwork must we seek,
To formulise the perfect man.

24.

Thou'rt furnished for a play,
Or for a pleasant sail;
Thou'lt perish in the fray—
Put on thy coat of mail!

25.

Yes! serve Him while His will
Runs parallel with thine,
And all His ways are still
But thine, although divine!

26.

Touch not a single stone
About my shrine of prayer,
If nothing of thine own
Its ruin can repair.

27.

With her was solitude
More sociable to me
Than press of human crowd,
Than dash of human sea.

28.

God's angel points the path to shun,
And guards each avenue;
But not so clearly marks the one
Right path we should pursue.

29.

When truth is old, her charms are fled,—
She holds us at her call;
When maiden beauty crowns her head,
She is despised by all.

30.

Endeavour goes for naught
If it doth not succeed ;
Forgot is all that's wrought
Short of the rounded deed.

31.

What we have been and are,
We find dull company ;
And restless rove afar
To sort with what will be.

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES.

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*SONNETS FROM THE ITALIAN.*¹⁷

I.

WHEN Laura steps upon the grassy green,
Suspicious is my soul, and full of fear,
Though over all be spread a sky serene;
But how much more in dread, if I should hear
The echoing thunder or descending rain.
I fear the waves that sweep upon the sand;
I fear lest Jove hide in the hurricane;
I fear the sea-gods swimming near the strand.

Close at her shoulder, fearing nameless things,
I follow when she passes through the wood.
Echo alarms me; if she speaks or sings,
He always greets her in some solitude.
I find no peace; such fears oppress my mind—
Would I were sightless, or the world were blind!

II.

On Ida's smiling hill the lovely boy
Was weaving wreaths of roses for thy head,
Reward for tender rhymes of love and joy,
When to her son the goddess chiding said:
"Thy work is vain; he is no longer thine:
"Has he not left thy courts for elsewhere?
"Through ways from many hidden, to her shrine
"Minerva draws him, and he worships there.

"Astræa's glorious temple he ascends ;
"No longer for thy trifles will he care.
"See how with his the muse of Alpheus blends !
"The deathless bays of Themis deck his hair !"
She speaks : and Love upon thy glory lours,
And throws away in wrath his broken flowers.

MORNING HYMN.

FROM THE LATIN OF AMBROSE.

SPLENDOUR of God, whom suns obey,—
Great Day illumining the day,—
True Light from which all glories stream,
Pour on us Thy perpetual beam.

The Father God of powerful grace
Let us invoke ; so will He chase
Our guilt away, our good make strong,
And turn our sorrow into song.

Let faith be ignorant of fraud ;
Let soul and sense be filled with God ;
His Spirit be in all we think ;
Be Christ our food—be faith our drink.

In pure enjoyment let the day,
While Christ grows brighter, pass away ;
Be modesty its dawn, and faith
Its noon—our hope no twilight hath.

Shine thou, O Christ, in every heart ;
So shall the night of sin depart.
With Thy strong hand help us to rise,
And make us with Thy wisdom wise.

EVENING HYMN.

FROM THE SAME.

O GOD who givest gentle sleep,—
Whose thoughts our lives in safety keep,
Clothing the day with comely light,
With rest and peace the silent night,—

Let the pure heart Thy praises sing ;
The tuneful voice its tribute bring ;
Affection love, the soul adore,
And faith the light of day restore.

Give sleep to sin ; but let the mind
Now stripped of sense, and chaste, refined,
Free from the fears that vex the base,
Dream but of Thee and Thy sweet grace.

Thrice blessed Godhead,—Sire and Son,
And Holy Spirit of Two in One,—
Sole God in evidences three,
Oh ! cherish all who pray to Thee.

EASTER HYMN.

FROM THE LATIN.

SING, O heavens ! laugh, O earth !
Joy, O man, with hallowed mirth !
Clouds are scattered ; doubts are past ;
Glory is unveiled at last.

Wake in gladness, flowers of spring ;
Celebrate your risen King.
All your brightest colours don ;
All your sweetest scents put on.

Touch the springs of melody ;
Pour the music full and free !
Christ is risen, undecayed,
From the grave where He was laid.

Let the hills and vales resound ;
Heaven for the world is found.
Jesus reigns above, beneath,—
Stronger than the bands of death.

INCARNATION HYMN. A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE LATIN.

O He condescending grace !
Who heaven's throne doth share
Stooped from the high and holy place
A servant's form to wear.

He who the robes designed
Of field and flower and tree,
Was once in narrow bands confined,
Masked in humanity.

Whom earth cannot contain,
Nor spacious firmament,
In infant fashion did remain,
And in a manger pent.

The chosen womb proclaim
Which bare the King of Heaven ;
A mother's joy, a virgin's fame,
In one large bounty given.

The servile bonds that hold
A fallen world in woe,
As ancient oracles foretold,
He cometh to undo.

The Shepherd good and great
To shepherds first was known ;
Yet eastern princes come in state
By His sky herald drawn.

FIRST PSALM.

BLEST is the man who will not walk
Where men in godless converse talk,
Who stands not where transgressors meet,
And sits not in the scorner's seat.
The law of God is his delight,
His meditation day and night.

Like a well-planted, fruitful tree
By swelling rivers, he shall be,
Productive in its season made ;
His leaf also shall never fade.
No word of God will he transgress,
And God will all his doing bless.

The godless soon are vanishèd,
As chaff before the wind are fled :
They shall not in the judgment stand
With those who keep the law's command.
God knows the conduct of his own ;
But sinners shall be overthrown.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

THE Lord my Shepherd is ;
He makes my sorrow His.
Now I lie in pastures green ;
Now am lead by waters still ;
He in love my soul doth screen ;
By His grace I do His will.

In the dark vale of death
No fear my spirit hath.
Thou art with me still ; Thy rod
And Thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest me, O God,
Joy before mine enemy.

Thou mak'st my cup run o'er ;
Oil on my head dost pour.
Thy vast love which none can tell,
Surely it shall follow me ;
And my soul with Thee shall dwell
After time has ceased to be.

THE BABY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. VICTOR HUGO.

SILENCE and gloom depart when baby's face
is seen ;
Her coming drives away all sorrow and all
spleen,
And fills each eye with light ;
The saddest brow unbends, and grief has no
more tears ;
And even the sinning soul is pure when she
appears,
So innocent and bright.

Whether June strews her flowers, or cold
November's brawl
Makes our chairs touch around the great fire
in the hall,
And crowds the hours with talk,—
Joy comes when baby comes, 'tis summer in our
hearts ;
We clap, we laugh, we shout, and mother smiles
and starts
When baby tries to walk.

In laboured phrase we speak, and stir the glow-
ing coal,
Of country, and of God, of poets, of the soul
That spurns the things of earth ;
Baby appears, and soon from themes so grave
and high
We turn, and noble bards and wise philosophy
Are drowned in hearty mirth.

At night when slumber reigns, and dreams
possess the soul,
A plaintive voice is heard, a yearning sound of
dole,
Moaning the reeds among—
Then suddenly the morn shines like a beacon
star,
And wakes in field and wood and village near
and far
The birds and bells to song.

Dear babe, thou art the dawn, and my heart the
plaining voice
Which, when the blue eyes shine that make us
all rejoice,
Breaks singing from the gloom ;
My soul a forest is whose sombre trees are bright
With rays of tenderness and music of delight
To see the baby come.

Those infant eyes, they beam with mastering
gentleness ;
Those hands have done no wrong,—their mission
is to bless,
And heaven is in their hold ;
Those wee feet never yet have trod our muddy
ways ;
O sacred head ! how fair ! around, above it plays
An aureole of gold.

Thou art the little dove that fills our ark with
hope ;
Thy wings must fly awhile in short and narrow
scope
Till they have grown more sure ;
With wide eyes of surprise the world all new
is seen.
Twofold virginity ! thy infant body clean,
Thy infant spirit pure.

How beautiful the babe, with sweet and ready
faith,
With dimpled smile, and tongue that twists
whate'er it saith,
And tears two words dismiss !
With wondering eyes that rove in ever fresh
delight !
Giving her heart in glee to all things glad and
bright,
Her mouth to every kiss !

Save, kindest heaven, from this, and all I love
defend ;
Even to my bitterest foe such woe I would not
send,
Such dark and dismal doom ;
The sorrowing summer meads without a flower
to see,
The nest without a bird, the hive without a bee,—
And no sweet babe at home.

POETRY.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

THE fountain falls from the rock
Drop by drop into the sea.
The stern sea, death to the mariner,
Says, "Why do you come to me ?

"I am storm and dismay ;
"I lash the firmament ;
"And can you serve me, pray,
"The vast and violent ?"

The fountain to the salt sea :
"I give you, as I think,
"What you cannot make or keep—
"A drop that one may drink."

SONG.

FROM MALHERBE.

O THER maids may be admired,
Other maids may be desired—
Well may it be :
That one thy grace should parallel,
It were too great a miracle—
It cannot be.

Others may win men's fealty,
And lead men in captivity—
Well may it be :
That there should be a love more strong
Than that which breathes in this poor song—
It cannot be.

To many maids it may be sweet
True hearts with cruel scorn to treat—
Well may it be :
That aught appears in maiden's face
Cold as thy loveless, perfect grace—
It cannot be.

Full many may be in distress
Because thy heart is pitiless—

Well may it be :

But that the measure of their woe
Is deep as mine—alas ! I know
It cannot be.

That men should serve with diligence
Where hope holds out a recompense—

Well may it be :

But that another love than mine
Hopes naught, and never doth decline—
It cannot be.

That time and reason may at last
Lessen the sorrows of the past—

Well may it be :

For others this, but not from thee
Can time or reason set me free—
It cannot be.

That death will make an end of all,
And free the cruel maiden's thrall—

Well may it be :

But while I live, that suffering
Coldness or change in me should bring—
It cannot be.

GLORY.

FROM LAMARTINE.

BRAVE spirits, whom the muses love,
Two paths invite your feet to rove.
One leads to glory—one to bliss;
Which will ye, that or this?

Thine, Manoel, is the common fate;
With first success intoxicate,
Thy brightest days were dimmed with fears,
Thy best work wet with tears.

But ask not bounteous heaven to give
The ease in which the vulgar live;
The gods may strew their way with flowers,—
The sweets of song are ours.

The ages and the world are thine;
The atoning future will divine
Thy worth, and deathless honours pay,
When we have passed away.

So, soaring to the springs of light,
Still holding his audacious flight,
The eagle seems to say, *Earth-born,*
My home is with the morn.

Yes, glory waits: but stay, and know
The pains the bard must undergo;
For sorrow at the temple gate
Is warder soon and late.

MUSIC.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG TIECK.

I AM an angel sent from heaven to bless;
My gay wings tinkle in the morning light;
The lonely greenwood gladdens at the sight;
The night-bird welcomes my melodiousness.
When mortal man my willing lips doth kiss,
To him the world is one great poem bright,
Which wood and water, field and air, recite;
And through his heart flow hidden streams of
bliss.

To him the deathless, changeless life divine
Comes victory-crowned on every wave; and he
From muffled strains the veil mysterious tears:
Yea, silence wakes, and shouts in jubilee.
See heaven's arch an echoing glory shine!
Hear heaven's anthems ring in mortal ears!

SPRING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WHEN the spring sun waxes brighter,
With the days my heart is grown;
All earth's heavy cares are lighter,
Hushed is every moan.

Pleasure reigns the wide world over—
Then the old man mourns alone,
Mourns with tears he tries to cover,
One more winter gone.

NOTHING BEAUTIFUL BUT TRUTH.

FROM BOILEAU.

[F I am sick, it cannot much avail
Though friends maintain that I am stout and
hale,

While burning fever through my pulses flies,
And alien fires sparkle in mine eyes.
Nothing is fair but truth, naught loveable;
Truth should be king, and even in fable dwell:
The well-wrought falsity of fiction breeds
A stronger love of truth in him who reads.
Why are my humble songs in such demand?
Welcome at court, and sought for through the
land?

Is it that every note is sweet and clear,
And all alike are happy to the ear?
That thought and sense disturb no metric laws?
That no harsh word invades the rhythmic pause?
'Tis that the truth, all unobscured by art,
Shines everywhere, and wins the reasoning heart;
That good and ill are painted as they are;
And that a knave is not made popular;
And that my heart, the guardian of my muse,
Doth rot in others blame, in me excuse;
My thought lies open to the dullest wit,
And every verse conveys some benefit.

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NOTES.

Note 1. Page 10. "The Mikado, having climbed a hill, looked all around, and observing the absence of smoke from the cottages of the people, decreed that for the space of three years no taxes or forced labour should be imposed on his subjects. His own palace, for want of funds to repair it, was allowed to become so dilapidated that the roof admitted the rain. Three years later he again ascended the hill, and beheld smoke arising from every dwelling. The people were now rich enough to bear taxation without feeling the burden, and voluntarily offered to contribute toward the rebuilding of the palace."—*Quoted from Ernest Satow in article on "Kioto," Littell's Living Age, Jan. 14th, 1882.*

Note 2. Pages 13, 14. The sacred mirror is the chief emblem of the Mikado's ancestress, the sun-goddess, and is preserved in her temple in the province of Tse. The sword, the symbol of sovereignty, is preserved at the shrine of the mythical Yamato-Daké.

Note 3. Page 15. A famous lake in the neighbourhood of Kioto.

Note 4. Page 15. Jimmo-Tenno, the war-spirit, the founder of the Japanese monarchy, as it is claimed, in 660 B. C.

Note 5. Page 17. So their priests, or medicine men, are called by the Algonkins and Dakotas. See Dr. D. G. Brinton, *Myths of the New World*, p. 233.

Note 6. Page 18 :

" Four days is the spirit's journey
To the land of ghosts and shadows,
Four its lonely night encampments,
Four times must the fires be lighted."

—Longfellow, *Hiawatha*, Canto 19.

Note 7. Page 19. See Andover Review, October, 1886, article on "Buddhism's Best Gospel."

Note 8. Page 28. Richard Realf was born in England. His parents were very poor, and he was sent to school and supported for some time by Lady Byron, at the instance of whom and her literary friends a volume of his poems was published, which was very favorably received. He could not brook, however, the sense of dependence, and sought freedom in America. After many vicissitudes of fortune, having been associated with the visionary yet noble John Brown in his emancipation schemes, having been a missionary, a newspaper correspondent, a captain and colonel during the war, an editor,—he ended a romantic and unhappy life by suicide, at Oakland, California, October 28th, 1878. See Rose-Belford's *Canadian Monthly*, December, 1878.

Note 9. Page 43. For several years beautiful little poems appeared from time to time in the St. John "Telegraph" over the *nom de plume* of "Clare Everest." Their tone was often sad, as is the case with all true poetry. They were written, I believe, by a young lady who, an invalid for several years, died when just blooming into womanhood.

Note 10. Page 63 :

" Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh?"

—Keble, *Christian Year*, 24th Sunday after Trinity.

Note 11. Page 66. "Et de Hierosolymis et de Britannia æqualiter patet aula celestis."—Jerome.

Note 12. Page 67. All who are familiar with Mr. Whittier's Poems will observe that part of the poem entitled "Post Mortem" was suggested by "The Answer."

Note 13. Page 77. See Sale's Koran, Warne & Co., p. 384, foot-note x.

Note 14. Page 85 :

"Love defied

Chance, the wind, change, the rain ; love, strenuous all the more
For storm, struck deeper root, and choicer fruitage bore,
Despite the rocking world."

—*Browning, Fine at the Fair, Sec. 33.*

Note 15. Page 87. "And between the blessed and the damned there shall be a veil ; and men shall stand on Al Arâf, — — — and shall call unto the inhabitants of paradise, saying, Peace be upon you : yet shall they not enter therein, although they earnestly desire it. And when they shall turn their eyes towards the companions of hell-fire, they shall say, O Lord, place us not with the ungodly people !" — *Sale's Koran, Chap. 7.*

Note 16. Pages 116 :

"Good things that come of course, far less do please
Than those which come by sweet contingencies."

—*Herrick, Hesperides, Routledge's Shilling Ed., p. 97.*

Note 17.—Page 123. The rendering of these sonnets was from a prose translation written out for me by Professor A. D. Smith, of Sackville, N. B.